

Title: Bonny Portmore

Author: Silent Poet

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O Bonny Portmore, you  
shine where you stand  
And the more I think on  
you the more I think long  
If I had you now as I  
had once before  
All the Lords in Old  
England would not

purchase  
Portmore.

O Bonny Portmore, I am  
sorry to see  
Such a woeful destruction  
of your ornament tree  
For it stood on your

shore for many's the long  
day  
Till the long boats from  
Antrim came to float it  
away.

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shine where you stand

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If I had you now as I  
had once before  
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Portmore.

All the birds in the  
forest they bitterly weep  
Saying "where will we  
shelter or where will we  
sleep?"  
For the Oak and the Ash  
they are all cutten down  
And the walls of Bonny  
Portmore are all down  
to the ground.

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